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# Good morning Mylo Heather

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18 0 1

**Chapter 1 by Neolillz**

*I'm tired of crying  
I'm tired of yelling  
I'm tired of being sad  
I'm tired of pretending  
I'm tired of being alone  
I'm tired of being angry  
I'm tired of being alone  
I'm tired of feeling crazy  
I'm tired of feeling stuck  
I'm tired of needing help  
I'm tired of remembering  
I'm tired of missing things  
I'm tired of feeling worthless  
I'm tired of feeling empty inside  
I'm tired of not being able to just let go*

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## Mylo Heather

Mylo Heather was dead. He'd been his own death. He'd died a painful death via hanging. Everyone knew he'd hung himself. It was quite obvious. Although, what happened to Mylo after he died was interesting.

Mylo awoke in a blindingly bright room. The walls were white and the floor was white. They seemed to omit a light too, making things all the brighter. He sat up and looked around. Then there was a voice.

"Good morning Mylo Heather"

Was this heaven?

Or was it Hell...

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